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VOL. II.

HANNIBAL, MO., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1852. NO. 31.

ORIGINAL STORY.

THE WHITE FAWN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE JOURNAL AND UNION, BY MARIE.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XII.

breast.

in a wild sequestered nook, awaiting the ap- White Fawn!" personnes of the White Fawn, who had appointed a meeting in this lonely spot, that they could express undiscovered their devoted feelings, and form plans for the realization of their dearest hopes. Already was the pale-faced hunter close upon them, and faithful Joe Hardy, who ing the child of the forest to any but some no- approach: ver did run smooth," is but too true, and Har-ry felt its truthfulness, when he reflected that the summer had nearly passed away, and he

Them our path-way. At this moment the War Kagle is holding council with my father; blis leafontsy is fearful, and already he hates the await the bidding of the Great Spirit to dispel the foresight of Joe Hardy, she was rescued, his jealousy is fearful, and already he hates the necessity of their presence where such demons

here? yen have fully paid the debt of grati-tude yen owe your adopted parent, by your devotion and kindness, and it is but right that you sweet dream. But, of her father, she knew should return to the land of your fathers, and to go with the one you love. If you remain, it love which endeared him to her, and in her fuwill only involve us in fresh troubles. We ture happiness she sought consolation for the can soon cross the river, and a few hours will tragic death of her adopted father. Too happy find us far away to a civilized and happy now to dwell upon the past, poor Werner wishome."

"I must see him who has been to me as a reach his own na'ive home, for he could not

father, ence again. I have grown, a pale flow- fell assured that he was once more in posseser, nurtured by his love and kindness; he has sion of all his treasures, until far away from guided my steps, and shielded me when a helpless child, and the Great Spirit, who sees us, and knows all our actions, would never love us garb for one more civilized and becoming, the again, if I should prove ungrateful. Not if you White Fawn was soon transformed into the wish the glory of love to encircle the white Fawn was soon transformed into the graceful and beautiful Emma Lathrop, the worman's home you must take the White Fawn shipped bride of her husband; and a happy bridal party was soon journeying eastward, to find you shall see the little cance of the White Fawn coming to meet you. Many are the times I buys crossed that turbid stream, and you need have no feare."

Thus they parted; he to wait with fear and Avembling, the result of his wild adventure, and she to discover the impression made by the War Eagle upon her father.

hen she met him, the old chief caught her to his breast, and in words of tenderness and to his breast, and in words of tenderness and which they had passed, and none felt prouder love, told her his determination, and his great at their exaltation than their kind old friend at their exaltation than their kind old friend Joe Hardy, who, in his declining years, would take her little ones upon his knee, and tell them prove false to his trust. The Great Spirit, who gave me my little Fawn, would frown upon me, and shut out forever from my pathway the light HANS which is to guide me soon through the dark wale to a glorious hunting-ground, if I were to bequeath her to one in whose breast the darkest passions slumber. The War Eagle has this day sworn vengeance upon the pale-faced hunter.— The voice of Big Thander has grown weak, and his arm powerless, and the white man shall have his rights. Seen I shall be called away. end if you wish to return to the land of your fathers, I will take you, and with my blessing, offer you to him who has promised to protect you. You must go forth no more alone, for the War Eagle awaits his prey, and this night we will goes on to state that she had 10 children, and fly to the opposite shore, where I must leave 72 grand-children. forever in this world the child of my heart."

The White Fawn shed tears of bitterness to think of the separation, but thinking that soon he must leave her alone and desolate, and heping to meet him again, she consented to depart, happy to do so with his approbation. They hazard of the die."

spent the remainder of the day in private communion, and with that firmness and stoleism characteristic of the Indian, Big Thunder gave her his parting counsel,

CHAPTER XII. In the mean time, Harry returned to the village, and found the little inn where he lodged, in an unusual bustle by the arrival of a party of travelers direct from the mountains. Curiosity, as well as a desire to pass away the day as quickly as possible, prompted Harry to visit the strangers, and listen to their adventures. With wonder and adof the wild Indian as in our own civilized miration he heard them recount their travels, but with surprise and joy did he soon listen to *Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and Saints above.'"

Thus soliloquized Harry Lathrop, as he sat

"Great God! it is, it is the mother of my

suspected, and fear began to fill even the breast was ever on the alert, proposed to go to the opof Big Thunder, for he could not think of giv- posite shore, and there wait the White Fawn's verdure.

"For there's no tellin' what may happen," ble chief of his own race. That "true love ne- said he, "the eagle oft has snatched the tremb-

the summer had nearly passed away, and he had not yet attained the object of his love, for, his friend Charley, who had also returned from ry from the battle-ground, to claim her for whom he had fought. She trembled when she footsteps. Suddenly they heard a noise in the heard that he was at the camp, and resolved, woods; then a scream of agony followed, which to ever be. That morning, he was holding a private council with her father, who had promised never to bestow her upon any, without her own consent, and her grateful heart felt more than ever that she could not forsake him in his declining years. Her adopted mother had flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he with shood, and swearing that she too should die, rather than the comport him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit-land, and she was all he had to comfort him. With a sad and beating flown to the spirit had the comport him that the close the hills, while the way is the dawn is by degrees lighting up the summits o had to comfort him. With a sad and beating exultation, a shot was heard in the stillness of heart she wandered along until she came to the forest, and with his sentence still warm uptheir hiding place, where she was clasped in on his lips, the prond and revengeful chief fell the arms of her betrethed husband, who loved lifeless at her feet. The party then groped onher with all the fervor of a first pure affection, and it was fully reciprocated by the innocent creature who had awoke so tender a feeling in this noble heart. She knew the character of the fervor of a first pure affection, ward, and there, by the side of her murdered father, stood the lonely girl, in wild and francisc of the fervor of War Eagle, and she trembled when she thought of his revengeful spirit, and the deep feeling of hate which he bore the whites; and she had reto meet her lover, who had determined, as the solved to beg Harry to make his visits less frequent, and more guarded, for already was the dark and vindictive nature of War Eagle arous-boiling with rage et the ill success of his confered when he returned and found the White Fawn unwilling to receive him as her affianced lover. treacherous War Eagle had watched their steps, pale-face. Vengemoe he will have. He has as the 'red devils' abound." It was hard to pertold me I shall never be fire white man's bride, and I tremble when I think of his powerful of her adopted father; but, as necessity urged found herself in the arms of her long fost mother, whose existence had ever continued to linger

No time was lost, and exchanging her Indian ingratitude upon her innocent heart. I must there a home of quiet and comfort. Harry defirst see what is to be the result, and then I termined that the parents and their child should will follow and obey my husband. Go! stay mo longer, but to-night, when all is hushed and the gay and fashionable city of New York. still, be in waiting upon your own shore, and Purchasing a beautiful villa on the borders of the Hudson, they all retired to the luxury of domestic bliss. Proud of the natural acquire-ments of his wife, he employed the best of teachers to accompany them, and but a few years had passed away, when the elegant and accomplished wife of Harry Luthrop could scarcely make her friends believe that she and the White Fawn were one and the same. Her happy parents felt amply repaid for all through

around her mind like the remembrance of some

nothing, but instinct taught her that parental

HANNIBAL, March, 1852,

Ancient Epirapit.

"Weep, stranger, for a father spilled From a stage-coach, and thereby killede His name John Sykes a maker of sassengers, Slain with three other outside passengers."

MARIE.

One of the newspapers, in noteing the death of a lady, says; "Providence saw good to encompass her with many sorrows;" and then

Since Louis Napoleon has ordered the French

ORIGINAL STORY.

THE PEARL OF BOUEN. TRANSLATED FROM THE PRENCH.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR,

FOR THE HANNIBAL JOURNAL.

vines which abound in the country of Rol, watered by a foaming brook, shadowed with poplars and studded with white houses, which peep

yet day, and the bells, with their silvery voices, are summoning man to labor, as those of the church, with their grave-stones, call him to prayer. Very soon those workmen who are pursuing their way in the eilence and the shadow towards the manufactory, and the children who with their little baskets on their arms, follow them afar, repeating the Angelus, will have resumed their tasks; the chimneys will send orth into the air their black columns of smoke, the wheels of the hydraulic machines will vomit their sheets of foam, the arms of the slumberng looms will resume their motion; and in this valley an hour before so calm, at sunrise all

Church, and because the manufacturers, from Darnetal, now so noisy, presented, during it, she at last was carried to the boat, and soon twenty-four hours, that picture of profound repose so pleasing to quiet strollers. This privi-lege, which is enjoyed neither on the Bouleenues of St. Sevar, those rendezvous of the fashionable world, allured many fathers of families whose country habits shunned luxury and noise. Those of the parish St. Maclon, little worthy of old Rouen, did not fail, immediately after mass, to conduct their children thither ; but diligent as they were, they found already on the velvet lawn the Norman magistrates and the clerks of the Rue Grand Pont. Agile as kids, the young people seemed to have wings to fly to Darnetal. With what object? You would ave readily divined it could you have seen the

> ume, and a cigarette, an object of surprise and a superstitious fear to the whole population of Rouen; but rather that of the young girl who affirmed respecting this personage, a strange and mysterious problem for Norman sagacity.
>
> To the exquisite delicacy of form which characterizes the blondes of Andalusia, the young

girl united the stature, the complexion, and the cenutiful hair of the women of the Pays de Caux. Her sparkling and brilliant glance was truly

Spanish, the sweet smile on her lips was that of a Norman, or rather a Cauchois maiden; whether she wore in the fields the high lace bonnet and white robe with intentable grace, elegance and coquetry, or appeared at the village fetes with jewels on her neck and boddice, man-

Pearl of Rouen; and this title, although not on

Perhaps, had it been necessary to have defended her, sword in hand, the young girl might have found more than one noble champion, but the plumed hats and Malings ruffles of the solhave found more than one noble champion, but the plumed hats and Malings ruffles of the sol-diers attracted no more attention from her than

Easter-Sunday, I found my prayer-book on my the perfumed wigs and gold smiff-boxes of the seat?" lawyers.

Two mousquetaires rouges, quartered with their noble relatives, and who were promenading their moustaches, and graces on the meadows of Darnetal, had passed and re-passed several times, without rousing her from her indif-

ference-when suddenly she blushed and east

down her eyes.

This emotion did not escape the father, who, feigning to shake the ashes from his cigarette, turned his head and perceived, at a little distance, a young man proudly standing before the mousquelaires rouges. Saying a few words to his daughter, in Spanish, that they might not be unferstood by the numerous promenaders, he carelessly approached the young man, and arrived at the moment when he was defying, in a The Valley of Darnelal. The Poetry of Labor.

1780. A Mysterious Personage. The young Girl. The Bourgeois and the Mousquetaires
Rouges. A Duel and a Smile.

Bessatu Mont St. Catherine, at the foot of which it would seem as if Rouen had concealed itself through fear of the east wind, winds, like a beautiful and cool oasis, the little valley of Darnetal. It is one of those picturesque ra-Darnetal. It is one of those picturesque ra- and at the expiration of a few seconds had disarmed his most violent antagonist. The other, recovered his sang froid, lowered his sword also, and went away with his friend, after having said these words t

out in every direction among the masses of green verdure.

Situated at a hundred leagues from a great city, in the Pyrenees on the Jura, the valley of Department would have been the delicity of the Pyrenees on the Jura, the valley of at another time and place.

Situated at a hundred leagues from a great city, in the Pyrenees on the Jura, the valley of at another time and place.

Situated at a hundred leagues from a great city, in the Pyrenees on the Jura, the valley of at another time and place.

The next day, at eight o'clock, he entered the Palace of Justice.

(To be Continued.)

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

Darnetal would have been the delight of the Do not reply,' murmured some prudent bour-painter and the tourist; at less than a mile from geois with whom the natural reserve of the Nor-Ronen, it makes the fortunes of the industrious. Iman prevailed over anger. But he to whom this advice was addressed, seemed not to hear Everything, even to the smallest blade of grass, it: all his faculties were absorbed in the charm breathes that poesy of labor and of steam which of a smile which he fancied he had surprised on true to ber adopted parent, she still waited, hoping that some unseen hand would aid her in dissuading Big Thunder from giving her to the great War Eagle, who had returned full of glogreat was the great was the scene, as they provided along the scene as the scene as they provided along the scene as they provided along the scene as the scene as they provided along the scene as they provided along the scene as the scene a view could be found, I will answer for it, than ing her, close behind them, he thought, but in dethat of the awakening of this valley at day-break. fiance of his senses, that the glance of the old man

Phoenix of Elizabeth of Austria, his second water-snakes were clirging about them, and wife, and the ornaments which decorate the pilasters and bas-reliefs. The main building forms were seen magnificent palm-trees, oaks, and Vengesmoe he will have. He has necessity of their presence where such denons as the red devile about d." It was hard to perhall never be the white man's bride, as the red devile about the first leave the dead body.

The result was, that on holidays, the valley of the court of t stretches out into a gallery with lofty arches, in the Moorish style of Chambord; and a tower of Oriental design, gracefully rises at the left, in the South-western angle. All that the brilliant lived in all countries and nations on the earth; lightness of La Renaissance could devise of ele- one in China, another in Greenland, and so forth. lead to the Mont des Malades, nor the green av- gance, all that sculpture applied to architecture There were some large trees planted in little could furnish of rich and magnificent, have been lavished on the decorations of this hotel. Five bas-reliefs, representing in their slightest depots; on the other hand, there was many a weak-tails the famous in interview of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, are particularly remarkable, ver its roots; and the utmost care and attention whose style and beautiful execution would do bestowed upon its preservation. And the griehonor to more than one modern artist.

> sary of the mousquetaires rouges on the square, man life; and out of a million others she distinall these objects were buried in obscurity: a single light glimmered in the third story of the South-east. There, before a Madonna, around over a little blue crocus flower which was hangtwo persons seated beneath a flowering appletree, on the last Sunday of April, 1780. which were suspended garlands of flowers gathing down on one side, sickly and feeble.
>
> Touch not the flower!' said the old we Exidently this was not the business of an old man, who was especially remarkable for an olive complexion, hair slightly grey and without powder, black and lively eyes, a foreign costume, and a cigarette, an object of support of sup remained standing before her:
>
> 'Paquita,' (a name which the Rouennais promighty has given permission.'

nounced Paquerette,) Paquita, answer me! is accompanied him, and of whom, it was said, he nounced Paquerette,) Paquita, answer me! is was the father; for nothing could be positively this the first time you have seen that young

'No, my father,' she replied, scarcely breath-

Where have you met him?" 'At the church, my father." 'Has he spoken to you?'

Wever.

'And yet you know him?' An almost unintelligible 'yes' was the reply. How does that happen, since he has never

spoken to you?'
'My father,' said Paquita, after a few fetes with jewels on her neck and boddice, man-tle thrown negligently over her shoulder, I will tell you all. I have seen this young man the thrown negligently over her shoulder, and tresses wound around her head in thick and glossy braids.

In their admiration, the people had baptised her after their own fashion, calling her The People of Rouses, and this title, although not on the steps, at the door, and when I turned the corner of the street. I do not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be not know how it her need by the people had be need to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what a sunswing to the whole werid, to see what not know how it happened, but on Palm-Sunday parchinent, was as undisputed as the charter and I forget my prayer-book at the church. I dared historical arms of the Marchioness of Tancarns not tell you, and yet I was very uneasy. This book, as you know, was the only relie of

> mother. "Continue, Paquita," sald the old man, steal-

Why not?

Because we dared not look at each other. 'What happened then?'
Will you be as indulgent and as kind to me before?'

'Yes ; speak.' already sparkling.

What then? what did you see?' exclaimed 'A grean ribbon, at the ceremony of marriChristian Anderson.

'And this ribbon ? "Here it is, father!" said Paquerette, blush-The old man changed his tone and the ex-pression of his countenance as if by enchant-

"Well, my child! keep it; you may keep it.— Pray to the Madonna and those of your mother. Both are in heaven, and wish only your happi-

And after having touched with his lips the ingenuous brow of the young girl, the Spaniard left the room, calmer than when he had en-

A DANISH PAIRY LEGEND.

King of Terrors.

'He has not yet returned,' replied a hoary-headed old woman, who was wandering to and fro in Death's conservatory, which she had been left to guard in his absence.
'How didst thou find thy way here? who has

ving mother bent down over all the timest At the hour of our leaving the young adver- plants, in each one she heard the pulse of hu-

Lord; no plant may be rooted up before the Al-

Suddenly an icy-cold breath swept through the hall, and the blind mother felt that Death had

'How hast thou found thy way hither?' asked he. How couldst thou arrive here more quickly than I?'

'I am a mother!' was her answer. I will tell the names of the two flowers which thou wert about to pluck, and thou shalt see pictured in the well their whole future, the entire course of their human lives. Thou shalt

see all that thou hast yearned to destroy.' blessing to the whole world, to see what a sun-

ness, and which the blessed and blessing one

inquired she. ... That I will not tell thee," returned Death, "but this shalt thou lears from me, that one of them was the flower of thine own child. Thou hast seen the destiny, the future of thine own

Then the mother shrieked out with terror, "Which of the twe is my child? Tell me that! Save the innocent child! Release my child

And the mother wrong her hands, fell upon her knees, and prayed to the All-wise, All-mer-ciful Father.

'A letter!' exclaimed the Spaniard, his eye Thy will—Thy will is always best! Hear me ot, Lord, hear me not!"

And her head dropped down upon her breast.
And Death departed, and bore away her child
to the Unknown Land.—Weilings of Hans

FROM THE RIO GRANDE Battle between Carvajal's Force and
the Mexicans.
The American Flag or Feb. 28, published at
Brownsville, says: Our town has been the theatre of intense excitement, in reference to a re-cent battle near Camargo, between the forces of Gen. Carvajal and the Mexican troops, under Gen. Canales and Col. Cruz. By the arrival of he steamer Tom McKinney, on the 25th instant, we are put in possession of the result, and we are truly rejoiced to receive the assurance that the loss of life was not so appalling and disastrous as the Mexican official report, received at Matamoras on Monday and Tuesday led us to aprehend. The report of Canales is to the effect that the forces under Carvajal were entirely routed and driven across the rivers San Juan and Rio Bravo in such confusion that an immense number were drowned; that forty-eight were found dead on the field, and twenty Where shall I find Death, that I may ask him to restore to me my little child? inquired an unhappy mother, on reaching the abode of the King of Terrors.

'He has not yet returned,' replied a hoary-lied dead on the found dead on the found dead on the bettle with Carbailly mother, on reaching the abode of the King of Terrors.

'He has not yet returned,' replied a hoary-lied embraces very mearly the facts:

On Friday, 20th, Carvajal crossed the river a few miles below Rio Grande City, and march-lied miles below Rio Grande City, and march-

ep slowly on toward Camargo. On Saturday they were met by the forces under the Mexi-can leaders—at this time the forces under Carthe threshold of which he could not help escorting her, close behind them, be thought, but in defauce of his senses, that the glance of the old man rested on him without anger. This was enought to keep him standing all night before this old mansion.

CHAPTER 11.

The Hotel de Bourgtheroulde, or a chef d'œuvre of the Renaissance. The Green Ribbon and the Prayer-Book.

The Hotel de Bourgtheroulde stands on the corner of the square in which the English, on the 30th of May, 1431, diagraced themselves by burning Joan of Arc. This zarincely mansion, a monument of the feudal's intra and posticular and an anomal man, and the goal of the Renaissance of the Romann and the Romann and

unwilling to receive him as her affianced lover.

"Dear Harry," said she, "I come to bid you farewell for the present; a dark and dismal spirit surrounds our path; a cloud has obscured the bright sanshine of our love, and we must be bright sanshine of our love, and we must be bright sanshine of our love, and we must be bright sanshine of our love, and we must be bright sanshine of our love, and we must be bright sanshine of our love and activity.

There were delable the bright sanshine bright sanshine of our love and activity.

There were best to be of the bright sanshine of our love, and the thin snow-white locks of the cloud instead the thin snow-white locks of the cloud instead the thin snow-white locks of the cloud the bright sanshine of beat and activity.

There were best to be of the bright sanshine of our love, and we must be bright sanshine of our love and activity.

There were beat and activity.

Th

Col. Ovid F. Johnson, in making his report to the Adjutant General of Carvajal's forces,

"We have to deplore the loss of ten of our men killed, and twenty three wounded including myself. We had, as I have already stated, all told, only two hundred and forty-fourmen. Of these, the Mexican squadron was acting as vin-dettes, and was not in the action at all. The Cariso spics were in the commencement of tha fight, but speedily ran away or skulked. About eventy of the second battalion, and four of the first ran away early in the action; thirty-two were killed or wounded, and a considerable number were secreted in the chapparal under the river bank. The number of men actually engaged in the fight, and by whom the victory was gained, very little exceeded fifty. The number of the enemy, from the most authentic information 1 could obtain, and upon which I fully rely, was about 700 men, 300 of whom were cavalry and lancers, and the remainder being infantry, riflemen, and artillerymen, with four pieces of cannon. The average number of shots fired by the enemy was six to our one.— It is believed that about three hundred and fifty cannon shots were fired on the field by both sides. The battle lasted from two in the afternoon, till half past four, when the enemy broke and fled, after spiking two of his guns. He did not halt an instant in the city of Camargo, but rushed through the town, and in such trepidation, that I am assured some twenty or thirty of his cavalry were drowned in the San Juan, as they plunged in to escupe us. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded was considerably over a hundred, and among the number were eight or ten officers of rank in the army.

The Telegraph to be Superseded .-- A writer entire course of their human lives. Thou shalt see all that thou hast yearned to destroy.'

And she gazed in the well; and a lovely sight it was to see how one of these lives became a blessing to the whole werld, to see what a sunshine of joy and happiness it diffused around it. And she beheld the life of the other, and there was sin and sorrow, mistortune and otter misewait for the proof. The editor of the Transcript is inclined to put confidence in it. He says—

We had an opportunity this morning of examining the above named invention, and we could see no good reason why it should not be practically successful. We are not at liberty to say much upon the subject at present, but the experiments which we witnessed were of

saracter to inspire confidence in the success of the principle, applied even to a distance of 300 miles or more."—Balt. Patriot. The nuptials of Earl Groavenor, son to the

Save the innocent child! Release my child from all this misery! Rather bear it away— hear it into God's kingdom! Forget my tears; bear it into God's kingdom! Forget my tears; Lady Caroline Levison Goway, daughter of the forget my entreaties, and all that I have done." Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, have been "I do not understand thee," said Death.— "Wilt thou have thy child back again, or shall fixed to take place shortly after Easter.